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And the American Poet Died in This Rainy Gutter

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And the American Poet Died in This Rainy Gutter

Wasted.

An ugly mustard color splotched with a transparent blue.
A curious onlooker makes his way for a closer view,
making way to see the wasted soul craning neck arising from
starched white collar.

I see a fruit cart back a ways,
the mustard color, the smog.

Yes, the factories with their obscene chimneys,
billowing out the blackness, hit by the sun,
the smog.

And vision fades in and out and lines double and voices swell
about my head.

A steady drizzle overcomes all this, voices die away and
steady rain soothes and makes me steady.

*Sweet smell of wet grass, my mother calling me, father
laughing and everyone is happy.*

*I run across the park to my parents who have taken a short
leave from their shows and laugh as all cares and worries
are swept away.*

*The day is sweet, and far off, I can feel a dying mouth,
capped by a soaking, black mustache, twinge in a child's
carefree smile.*

Ryan Hudson